THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"*Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain.*"—I. COR. 15: 1-2.

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A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

BY PRESIDENT HUGH J. CANNON, OF THE SWISS AND GERMAN MISSION.

INSTANCES of willingness to sacrifice one's own personal feelings for the advancement of the work of righteousness are not uncommon in the missionary field or in this Church. The spirit of sacrifice is an essential part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. An illustration of the devotion to duty which prevails among most of the missionaries, recently came under the writer's notice. A young Elder, who had labored diligently and with ability for thirty months in the German mission, was banished from his field, and it was deemed advisable to release him, although he had expected to remain in the mission several months longer. Before being told that he was to be released, he was asked if he would be willing to go to Hungary to continue his labors. Although Hungary is perhaps the hardest and least desirable of all the fields belonging to that mission, he replied without hesitation that he was perfectly willing to go. His attention was called to the fact that he had already been thirty months in the field, that if he went to Hungary it would mean at least six months additional time, that the field was somewhat expensive and very difficult; and he was invited to be perfectly free in offering any reasonable excuse which he might have for not going. His answer, as emphatic as at first, was, "I am perfectly willing to go wherever I am wanted and can get what means are necessary for that purpose." Much to his surprise he was told that he would be released to return home. A day or two later he was

asked if he intended visiting Switzerland on his way to Utah. He replied that, much as he would like to, it would be impossible. He said his family had been having a very difficult time to send him the money he had been obliged to spend and that, while they were willing to continue doing so as long as he was wanted in the field, he could not conscientiously ask them for anything that was not necessary. Now that he was released, he felt that his duty was at home helping his parents recuperate from the financial strain they had been under. This struck me as being the true missionary spirit, and the spirit which will cause the Latter-day Saints to win in spite of all opposition. This young man, who is hardly more than a boy in years, was willing to remain six or more months longer in the field at a cost of about $150 for the advancement of the work of the Lord, when he could not afford to spend $25 for his own pleasure in seeing noted places which were very little out of the direct line of travel home. There are doubtless hundreds of missionaries in the field who would and do exhibit just as much faith as this Elder did when they are put to the test, and it is no wonder that the enemies of this work are beginning to forsake as worthless the hope which they have cherished and expressed for a generation, that as "young Utah" grew up they would not remain true to the cause for which their parents were willing to lay down their lives.

"MY MISCONCEPTIONS REGARDING THE MORMONS."

About two years ago Dr. James L. Hughes, the eminent Canadian educator, visited Utah, and gave a series of lectures to the school teachers of the state at their convention in Salt Lake City. Dr. Hughes is well known in the educational circles of Canada and the United States, not only by his lectures, but by his very helpful books on teaching. That the teachers of Utah enjoyed his society as much as he enjoyed theirs, can be vouched for by the present associate editor of the Star, as he had the privilege of meeting him and listening to his lectures. Recently, Dr. Hughes contributed an article to the *Canadian Magazine*, which he calls, "My Misconceptions Regarding the Mormons." The article is here reproduced.

A week in Salt Lake City revealed many things to me. I learned much that I did not know before, but my learning consisted chiefly in finding that so many things which I thought were true were not.

I had a hazy opinion that the "Mormons" were an ignorant, unprogressive, rather fanatical people until 1900, when Mrs. Susa Young Gates, one of Brigham Young's daughters, startled and charmed the people of Toronto by her eloquence, her advanced ideas regarding education and sociology, her comprehensive enlightenment, and her strong yet gentle womanliness. Those who heard her at the meeting of the National Household Economic Association, promptly asked each other at the close of her first address: "How can that combination of simplicity of manner, practical commonsense, broad, general culture, originality and power, be a product of 'Mormonism'?"

I was still further astonished when I had the privilege of meeting the individual members of the Utah delegation at the National Suffrage Convention in Washington in 1902. In personal appearance and in intelligence that de-

legation of about a dozen women stood in the front rank, and would not need to take a second place in any gathering of women in any part of the world. They seemed to have an added dignity from the consciousness that they represent a state whose men were so liberal and so progressive as to grant to womanhood the right of complete sufferage.

The interest aroused by meeting these types of "Mormon" women led me to accept very promptly an invitation to deliver a course of five lectures before the Teachers' Association of Utah, Salt Lake City, in 1902. I was so fortunate as to reach Salt Lake City an hour before the close of the annual conference of the "Mormon" Church, and I soon made my way to Tabernacle Square.

Brigham Young laid out Salt Lake City in squares of ten acres, and on Tabernacle Square he erected three great buildings—the Temple, a magnificent granite building; the Tabernacle, which is a vast arched roof supported by massive stone piers along the sides with immense doors between the piers; and the Assembly Hall. The Temple is devoted exclusively to two kinds of religious exercises—marriage and the ceremonies for the dead. No Gentile is permitted to enter the Temple at any time, and no "Mormon" may enter for any purpose but the two named, and then only by special permission of the President. The Tabernacle is the place of meeting for religious exercises, sacred concerts, conference meetings, and other Church gatherings. The Assembly Hall is used for lectures and business meetings. The Tabernacle seats about 10,000 and the Assembly Hall 4,000.

On arriving at the great square I found a crowd of several thousand men and women busily engaged in friendly intercourse preparatory to separating after a meeting in which they had been engaged for several days. I hurried through the throng to the Tabernacle, anxious to be present at the closing exercises of the conference. I entered by one of the great side doors, and found a vast audience of 10,000 listening intently to the last words of President Smith. He stood in the center of a great gallery which surrounded the fine organ of the Tabernacle, and on which were seated in tiers rising almost to the roof the large choir which took first place among American choirs at the musical competition at the Chicago exhibition of 1896, and several hundred of the leading officers of the Church throughout the world. Immediately under him sat the three counselors, who take rank next to him, and are his advisors. Under the counselors sat the Twelve Apostles of the Church, and radiating upwards and outwards, from this central group sat the Bishops, the heads of the Seventies, the Elders, and other leading officials.

I looked; I could not listen. I studied the vast concourse for a few minutes as a whole, and then began a careful character study of the faces within my range. I looked first at the men, expecting, I confess, to find evidences of selfishness if not of courseness. I saw nothing of what I had been led to expect. Those faces revealed intelligence, enthusiasm, practical sense and intense earnestness. I next searched for the unhappy faces of dissatisfied, repressed women. Again I searched in vain. I saw contented, high-minded women, calm and dignified, conscious of a freedom still refused to most women, but winsome and womanly. The "Mormon" type as I saw it in the Tabernacle and around it may be described as a composite type which might be formed by a union of the strong distinctive elements of Methodists and Quakers.

The President spoke briefly, and after the closing hymn he prayed fervently and gave the closing benediction. Then through the thirty-four doors between the supporting piers the great audience swept out in a few moments. The officials of the Church in the end gallery remained for more extended farewells. I scanned the faces of the women on the gallery searching for my one friend in Utah, Mrs. Gates. Not seeing her, I walked across the Tabernacle to an old lady, the only one who remained seated after the audience dispersed. I told her I was looking for Mrs. Susa Young Gates, and asked if she knew her.

"I think so," she replied merrily, "I am her mother." So I had the satisfaction of meeting one of the widows of the great leader himself and of being introduced by her to Apostle Reed Smoot, now United States senator from Utah.

Then began a series of revelations which moved some of my misconceptions. Apostle Smoot kindly took me to the President's office and answered my many questions for an hour till the president of the Teacher's association came for me. Apostle Smoot was himself a revelation. I had thought that Apostles must necessarily be ministers. I found him to be a millionaire, a business gentleman of ability and high standing. I learned from him that the Bishops are generally business men, and that the leading Church officers are chosen from the wisest and most successful men of the districts. He told me that the "Mormon" Church at that time had over 1,800 young men and women doing missionary work in different parts of the world; but I found that mission work does not necessarily mean trying to make converts for the Church. In most cases it means performing some work of a business character for the Church. One noteworthy feature of the mission work is that the young men who go to Europe or to the Sandwish Islands, or to Canada, or to any other country to work for the Church, pay their own expenses. It is a mission of self-sacrifice for the commonweal, and such an experience must tend to the development of a strong, true type of character.

I asked Apostle Smoot about the education of the girls, and found that the "Mormons" are more keenly alive to the importance of highly cultured, well developed, properly trained motherhood, than any other people I have met. This need is not a matter of opinion merely—it is a vital element in their system. I found in the schools, the academies, and the university that the girls and young women are receiving just as thorough an education as the young men. Apostle Smoot's sister is at the head of the Kindergarten Training college for Utah. She was trained in Boston. President Smith, the present head of the "Mormon" people, told me that he had sent his daughters to New York, one to study Kindergarten principles, and the other to study domestic science. The second state superintendent of schools in Utah was a woman—Mrs. McVicker. The daughter of Susa Young Gates, after courses under leading musicians in America and three years training in Berlin, is, at the age of twenty-two, the most promising singer of American birth. Major Pond tried to atone for some of the wrong he did her grandfather by arranging her concerts in the great music halls of Boston, New York, and the other great cities of the east.

The interest taken in musical education was one of my surprises. Many of

the young men and women who show special talent for music are sent abroad for a thorough musical education. Brigham Young was a man of comprehensive insight and masterful executive ability. In the midst of his ceaseless work of transforming a desert into a most fruitful country, in designing and erecting the most remarkable places of worship in America, in laying out a beautiful city, and in planning one of the most perfectly organized religious and social systems in the world, he still found time to study educational systems, and he gave his people a system that aims to cultivate the whole nature of the child, physically, intellectually, practically, æsthetically and spiritually.

One of the established customs in Salt Lake City is to give an organ recital once a week during the noon hour on the great organ in the Tabernacle. Thousands attend these recitals to hear the talented young organist, Mr. McClellan perform the best music of the great composers.

I found too, that the "Mormon" people had very advanced educational institutions. The state schools and the "Mormon" schools provide an excellent education for the people. I have not seen anywhere in the United States a more advanced Normal school than the State Normal school in Salt Lake City.

I had believed that the "Mormon" leaders tried to keep their people shut in from the world in order that they might more easily be kept in the faith. I found it to be a cardinal principle of the Church to send the leading young men and women abroad for study and work in order that they may bring back to Utah the most advanced ideals of the highest civilization in all lands. They usually have about two thousand young people in other lands, and in nearly all cases they have been guided by the Church into the courses of study or work they are pursuing. Most of these young people have been educated at the Church academies or the university.

I was surprised when Apostle Smoot pointed across the street to a building which he told me was the Historical Building of the Church, in which are kept records of all the individual members of the "Mormon" faith in the world. I was still more surprised to find that these records include the children as soon as they begin to perform some of the simpler practical duties of the Church. The boys are organized as Deacons for certain duties under the direction of an Elder. The organization of the Church is absolutely complete, and each division and sub-division is a perfect organization within itself. In each of the smallest districts into which "Mormon" territories are divided there is a house in which the offerings of the people for charitable purposes are kept, and from which they are distributed by the Elder in charge of that department of the work. The boys of the district under his direction collect and distribute the charitable offerings. In case a widow has no son and is poor, the boys of the district who are organized for Church work, cut her wood and do other necessary work for her. They are thus trained in the only sure way to understand and practise the fundamental principles of community life and of loving service for the needy. As these young people develop special powers or talents, the record is made of their development in the historical building in Salt Lake City, so that the church authorities always know where they can find well trained young men and women for special service. Mr. Roberts,

who was elected to Congress and refused admission because he has more than one wife, is one of the assistant historians of the Church.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

TESTIMONY OF A SISTER.

EXPRESSIONS of testimony and gratitude such as are contained in the following letter are always interesting to the Latter-day Saints, because they have the true ring. Sister Annie Willis writes from Watford under date of June 20th, 1904. "I am always trying to express my gratitude to God for His goodness to me and my children. This time last year I was a total stranger to Mormonism. I did not know there was such a people on the earth as the Latter-day Saints. I can remember many years ago my father, who was always reading, saying he wished he could 'get hold of that Book of Mormon.' I recollect asking him what kind of a book it was, and what it was for. He replied that it was a divine record, and it had been given to the world in a marvelous way. From that time until last July I had never heard the name of Mormon or Latter-day Saint. I was brought up in the Church of England, and clung to it as long as I could, and earnestly strived to gain enlightenment; but as far back as I can remember I used to be dreadfully worried, more especially on feast days, such as Easter Sunday and Christmas day, when that terrible 'Athanasius' creed was said. Although only a child of twelve I used to get sick at heart and wonder how it was that all these grand folk could be satisfied with an incomprehensible God. When I read in that book, 'Articles of Faith,' the author's opinion of that same creed, it was like balm to me. I thought if my father could only have obtained the 'Book of Mormon,' I should have been saved a rare lot of bother. But you see, literature was not so widely spread twenty-five years ago as it is now.

"There are seven of us in the family, six children and myself, and we all entered the Church last year. Three of the children and I were baptised on the 23rd of August, baby was blessed in September, and the two eldest boys baptized in November. My children are every bit as earnest as I am in serving our heavenly Father, and I believe we fully recognize the privilege of living in these latter-days.

"I was often told by those who should have known better that there is no God; that religion is all a fraud; that life is just for enjoyment; but I could never bring myself to believe that there is no God. When I looked on my dear little babes I clung persistently to Jesus Christ, or what I could remember of His teachings, for you see I did not know much of the truth. Only a year or two ago, I went with a friend to the Royal Academy, and there I saw a picture that increased the mystery of the Godhead to such an extent that I felt I must give up trying to solve religion. I will try to describe that picture to you. It was almost a life-size figure of Christ on the cross, and on His left shoulder there was a white dove. Resting on the top of the cross was a large head, but not a vestige of a body to be seen. In the catalogue it was described as "The Godhead." You may well imagine how thankful I felt when the Elder who brought the Gospel to us told me that Joseph Smith had seen

God, the Father and His Son Jesus Christ. I was more than thankful, I was joyous, for I had been looking for this all my life. To think that only seventy or eighty years ago, God, our Father, and His Son appeared on this earth. Yet there are so many thousands that do not believe it. Why, one would think they would fall on their knees in gratitude after all these weary years of groping in darkness. From my heart I pity the people who reject this glorious light.

"We have lately left Wealdstone to live here for the purpose of being nearer the Saints. There are no Elders near us, and when none can come to hold meetings, we hold testimony meetings ourselves. We waste no time, and I assure you we are a happy little band of Saints, earnestly striving to please the Lord. I am afraid this is but a poor letter. It seems a very poor expression of gratitude when I remember that a short time ago I was a heartbroken mother, with her helpless but loving children, and how I prayed for more light and how that light was brought to me, and above all how we pray both night and morning that that light may grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day, as we read it will do, to all who serve God faithfully and well."

PROPOSED PASSENGER SAILINGS.

The following list of sailings of the White Star Line are given for the information of those who contemplate going to America. Passengers coming to Liverpool, who expect to sail for Boston, will save time and expense by sending their trunks and baggage direct to the steamship company; for New York and Boston, the White Star Line, and for Canada the Dominion Line. If the boxes, etc., are properly labelled the steamship agents at any of the stations in Liverpool will receive and deliver them on board. We have arranged with the Iles Temperance Hotel, 32 and 34 Norton Street, Liverpool, where our passengers can stay when they arrive a day or two before sailing. The terms are moderate.

Thursday, July 14 ...	... *Cretic.*	Thursday, Oct. 6 ...	... *Cretic.*
„ „ 28 ...	... *Republic.*	„ „ 20 ...	... *Republic.*
„ August 11 ...	... *Cretic.*	„ Nov. 3 ...	... *Cretic.*
„ „ 25 ...	... *Republic.*	„ „ 17 ...	... *Republic.*
„ Sept. 8 ...	... *Cretic.*	„ Dec. 1 ...	... *Cretic.*
„ „ 22 ...	... *Republic.*	„ „ 15 ...	... *Republic.*
Thursday, December 29 ...	... *Cretic.*		

Fate is unpenetrated causes. The water drowns ship and sailor like a grain of dust. But learn to swim, trim your bark, and the wave which drowned it will be cloven by it, and carry it, like its own foam, a plume and a power. The cold is inconsiderate of persons, tingles your blood, freezes a man like a dewdrop. But learn to skate, and the ice will give you a graceful sweep and poetic motion. The cold will brace your limbs and brain to genius, and make you foremost among men of your time.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1904.

EDITORIAL.

A DAY IN JUNE.

"Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher."

The spring has been cold and backward, but now the clouds remain away for days at a time, permitting the rays of the sun to warm the earth and bring out from their winter sleep the buds and blossoms. I leave behind me the noisy city streets with their smoke and grime and busy mass of humanity, and go into the quiet fields and sit down on the grass. The hawthorn is out and fills the summer air with the sweet and delicious odor of its blossoms. The birds are singing in trees and bushes. A velvety-green carpet covers the earth, broken here and there by a house, a tall chimney, a clump of trees, a hedge, a wall, and a winding road gleaming white in the sun. At my feet the daisy looks out to the blue above. There is a haze in the distance, but the sunlight comes streaming down from heaven, imparting warmth to the balmy air and the grassy bank.

After I have rested and let the beauty of the scene distil upon me, I open my book and read: . . . "This is the light of Christ. As also he is in the sun, and the light of the sun, and the power thereof by which it was made.

"As also he is in the moon, and the light of the moon, and the power thereof by which it was made.

"As also the light of the stars, and the power by which they are made.

"And the earth also, and the power thereof; even the earth upon which you stand.

"And the light which now shineth, which giveth you light, is through him who enlighteneth your eyes, which is the same light that quickeneth your understandings;

"Which light proceedeth forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space.

"The light which is in all things; which giveth life to all things: which is the law by which all things are governed: even the power of God who sitteth upon his throne, who is in the bosom of eternity, who is in the midst of all things."

I close my book. God then is *light* as well as *love*. I know that all this beauty around me—the grass, the flowers, the balmy air are but manifestations of the light of the sun—and now I am told that its light "proceedeth forth

from the presence of God." This little blue flower which I pluck is an expression of an infinite creative force. The existence of the blossom is brief, but back of it is a power that is everlasting. Through these little things that are so close to me and so transient I see out beyond into the infinite light and love that God my Father sheds forth upon me. I feel the pulse of His power come to me in subtle waves, and my heart is flooded with the love of a Father for a son.

My book remains closed. I see past the bush and the cloud, and into the blue space of heaven. The mortal veil is thin, and the connection is close between the seen and the unseen. There seems to be a hush in the earth-life about me, but I hear a still, small voice tell me this:

If sorrow weighs you down, take heart again; for He that, year by year brings dead forms to life and clothes them with beauty, has a springtime of His own, not of earthly seasons, but of God's reckoning, when the cold and darkness and silence shall flee away before the voice of His power, and He shall bring forth your loved ones into the springtime of eternal life and radiant beauty. Then shall the veil be completely lifted, and you shall see, not the temporal that to-day stands in beauty and to-morrow is like a withered leaf, but the more enduring substance of celestial beings. And your dear ones to whom your soul cleaves shall never more get beyond the sight of your eyes, or the sound of your voice. Trust God. His summer shall come, and with it the fruition of all your hopes.

The sun sank into the hazy west, and I walked slowly back to the city and to my work—but the beauty of the day is with me still.

THE RELIGION OF THE FATHERS.

"The religion of my father is good enough for me. What saved him will save me. He was a good man, and I shall be satisfied to go where he has gone."

My dear friend, you are not the first person whom I have heard make that statement—make it in all honesty, no doubt, and as an expression of love and reverence for the parent who has gone before into the world of spirits.

We are slow to cast aside the old in anything, and especially is this true with a religious faith that has associated with it the dear memories of father and mother; but, dear friend, even these ought to be governed by the laws of reason and subjected to the light of truth. In my discussion of this subject with you, I will not for a moment cause you unnecessary pain, if I can help it; but perhaps I can not; and I hope you will believe me when I say that anything I may present is for the sole purpose of doing you good. "Do what is right, let the consequence follow," is a line from a hymn that we sing. Truth as a two-edged sword may create a momentary pain when used to cut away error, but then, because the surgeon's knife is painful, we cannot say that it should never be used.

Very likely your father lived up to the best light that was given him; and I believe that every man who does this fills the measure of his creation, and is accepted of God. It is only when light comes to men and they close their eyes and refuse to see it that they are under condemnation. Jesus said, "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light." I shall not quote the rest of the passage—it may

sound somewhat harsh, but you may read it for yourself. It is found in John iii.

When I hear such expressions as you have made I think of the man who closes the shutters of his house to prevent the sunlight from coming in. You know there is always a suspicion that the room is not in the best of order when that is done.

Let us see for a moment what your belief will lead us to. We read in a history which we both believe that Noah came with a message to the people of his day. It was a strange and startling message, but the people would not be moved out of the ruts of long usage. The result is well known. Then, there was Abraham. What if he had said that the religion of his father was good enough for him? He would not then have shaken off the idolatry of his forefathers, left his native land, and have become the father of the faithful. The Jews rejected Christ. They said they had Moses and the prophets. These were good enough for the fathers; then why were they not good enough for them? What about Luther, Calvin, Knox, and the rest of the reformers? I know you think that the Roman Catholic church is not the church of God, and that the reformers did noble deeds in breaking away from it. You see in this, someone had to disagree with his father, or the reformation never could have taken place.

Because your father dug his field with a wooden spade, is no reason that you should not use a steel plow. Because he rode to church behind an easy-going horse, is no reason that you must not travel in an automobile if you have the privilege.

The fact that a belief is old is no assurance that it is true—neither a proof that it is false. Truth has no special age or dispensation. It is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, but men depart from truth or make it obscure, or pervert it, or mix error with it; but as gold is gold, whether in the crude rock or in the shining crown, so truth is truth in whatever condition it is found, and because men have been satisfied with gold mixed with dross is no reason why we should not desire the refined metal. I think it is the duty of all men to purge the dross from the gold, even if in the process some of their cherished treasures should have to be destroyed and then recast in a more perfect mould.

Sometimes a man does not care to talk about his religious beliefs, for fear that some of them may be proven to be wrong. Such a person is faithful to his prejudices, but not to truth. If he loved the truth, he would be willing at any time to surrender an error for a truth. The blind following of a creed is not free from danger. It is stated when the battleship *Kearsage* was wrecked on the Roncader Reef and so many brave men went down, that the captain was sailing correctly by his chart. But the map was an old one and the sunken reef was not marked down. May it not be the same with you, my friend? You may be following your creed ever so faithfully and conscientiously, but are you absolutely sure that it is correct—that it needs no revision? To be sincere is not always to be right. Christ said to His disciples: "The time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God's service;" and when the Master Himself was taken before Pilate, and the multitude demanded His life, they were so sure they were doing right that

they shouted "His blood be on us, and our children." Paul said of Israel in his day, "I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." They were sincere, yet because they rejected the Gospel, they missed the blessings they might have received.

I once met a man who told me he prayed to God that he would never permit any other religious faith to tempt him to leave the church to which he then belonged. This man did not pray for light and truth. He was afraid of investigation. He wanted to stay in the groove his ancesters had made. It was so easy to slide along in that. Had he changed his religious views, it would have brought him into contempt with his neighbors. He might have lost his position. His name would have been cast out as evil, no doubt; but what of that? "What doth it profit, if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

But now, dear friend, I bear you this testimony that the light has come—it has come into the world—it has come to you. Open the blinds, and let it shine into your heart and understanding. It will chase away your fears, and give you strength and courage. It will help you to set your house in order if it is disarranged. It bears within itself the evidence of its truth, for they that do shall know. It is here for you to accept or reject. Your father would no doubt have gladly seen your day, and made good use of its advantages. Who knows but that he is waiting for you to do something for yourself first and then something for him. Believe me, the best way you can honor both your father and your God is to receive the truth that comes to you, and be thankful that it came in your day and time.

N. A.

Departures.—The following named missionaries sailed from Liverpool for Boston per s.s. *Republic*, June 23, 1904: Joseph R. Tuddenham, Roy A. Welker, A. Fenley Merrell, Raymond H. Clayton, David E. Rigby, Moses A. Zundel, J. Scott Jensen, Willard Ballam, Carl W. Behle, Daniel E. Rogerson, Joseph A. Fowers, Arnold Eschler, Walter M. Wolfe, Henrick Bongers, Nels A. Thompson, John McPhie, Sidney B. Vowles. With the Elders were thirty-seven Saints. The company was in charge of Elder Walter M. Wolfe, assisted by Elder Raymond H. Clayton.

Elder Levi Edgar Young, former president of the Swiss mission, sailed from Liverpool for New York, June 29, on the s.s. *Baltic*.

NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

President Lofter Bjarnason, writing from Iceland under date of June 4, 1904, gives the following account of the people in that land: "We have had great pleasure in our labors on this island (Vestmanneyjar). The people are so kind and hospitable that we almost forget they are not members of our faith. They converse with us freely about our religion, and listen patiently while we bear our testimony, but the only answer they give us is: 'Your Church and faith are good, but I am going to live according to the teachings which I received in childhood.' When they are asked if they ever think about the salvation of their souls they reply: 'I am going to live after the way I have

been taught, then I hope the Lord will save me.' This is their religion and the extent of their investigation. Aside from this, they really practice a great deal of brotherly love, and it does not matter to them to what denomination a man belongs, they will treat him well just the same. Even the minister here treats us kindly and avoids entirely speaking evil concerning our faith. In every respect he appears to be a perfect gentleman, and it seems that his little flock is following the example he sets them."

THE NEWCASTLE CONFERENCE.

THE semi-annual Newcastle conference was held in the Temperance Hall, Middlesbro', Sunday, June 26th, 1904; commencing at 10:30 a.m. There were present, President Heber J. Grant of the European mission, President Edwin A. Bingham of the Grimsby conference, President John S. Baugh and eighteen Elders of the Newcastle conference.

After the usual opening exercises, President Baugh greeted the Saints and friends and made a few opening remarks. He read the statistical report, and in brief reported the condition of the conference. The general and local authorities of the Church were presented and unanimously sustained.

Elder Albert Choules spoke on our condition as Latter-day Saints, compared with Saints of former times. Elder William W. Hardy bore his testimony and spoke of the commission of the Savior to His Apostles.

President Grant then expressed his pleasure in meeting with the people of the Newcastle conference. He related some of his experiences in the Japanese mission and some of the testimonies he had received while there. Spoke on apostacy and the restoration of the Gospel.

At the afternoon session, Elder Walter G. Paul spoke on faith and the necessity of it being accompanied by works. Elder William G. Lambert spoke on the Word of Wisdom. Elder William Stewart spoke on the mission of the Savior and the effects of His atonement.

President Bingham expressed his pleasure in meeting with the Elders and Saints of the Newcastle conference. He spoke on the condition of the Christian world, and the unchangeableness of the Gospel.

President Grant occupied the remainder of the time, speaking for an hour. By the workings of nature, he said, he was convinced that there is a God. If a man will do the will of God, he shall know whether the Gospel is of man or of God. He spoke of the conditions under which Elders came into the world and of their faithfulness and integrity; and of the trials which the early Saints passed through, showing that for the sake of the truth they were willing to even sacrifice their lives. President Grant bore a strong testimony to the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

At the evening meeting Elder Alma H. Davis made some references to ancient times and compared the conditions then with the present. Elder Edward A. Cottrell spoke on the teachings and examples set by the Savior and the necessity of our following the same. Elder Alexander Adams spoke briefly on the first principles.

President Grant said he wished all could hear the Gospel and have the privilege of partaking of the blessings of the same. He said he had no desire

to get salvation without any exertion on his part. Although he did not wish to find fault with any man for his belief, a man must show his faith by his works. He spoke of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and testified to having seen many of them made manifest.

During the day sacred solos were rendered by Miss Alice Brettle, Miss Liza Humphries, and Mr. W. J. Morris. The Middlesbro' choir, under the direction of Elder Hazen, rendered an anthem.

At 3 p.m. Saturday, President Grant met with the Elders in council meeting and listened to a report of their labors for the past eight months. He also gave them much encouragement and counsel.

Monday morning President Baugh met with the Elders in a Priesthood meeting, where they were assigned to their fields of labor.

Monday evening the Saints, Elders and friends participated in a musical entertainment arranged by the local Saints.

JOHN MARLOW TAYLOR, Clerk of Conference.

FRUITS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY ELDER B. H. ROBERTS, IN THE "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR" OF JUNE 15, 1884.

"THOUGH he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered" (Heb. v: 8).

It is always interesting to read how the Lord directed His servants in their labors of preaching the Gospel in ancient times; and how the Spirit would frequently direct them contrary to their own natural inclinations.

Paul and Timothy, having passed through Phrygia and Galatia, "were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia. After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia: but the Spirit suffered them not.

"And they passing by Mysia, came down to Troas.

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us" (Acts xvi: 6-9).

By this the brethren knew that they were called of God to preach the Gospel in Macedonia. Their work in that land resulted in the conversion of many faithful souls. Churches were founded in Philippi, at Thessalonica; and from there the work spread to Athens.

The Christain world to-day are teaching that these special manifestations of the power of God have ceased; and that the Lord no longer guides His servants in the way He did Paul and Timothy, as related in the foregoing.

God, however, in these last days, has restored that same Gospel to the earth which Paul and the rest of the apostles preached; and with it has come that same power, which directs the servants of God in their labors.

The history of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is replete with instances akin to those we have related of Paul. The following is the experience of the writer:

Having labored some time in Franklin county, Iowa, without apparently doing any good, and opportunities for preaching growing less, I concluded to go elsewhere, and find a people who were more willing to hear and obey the Gospel.

I made inquiries about the surrounding neighborhoods and counties, and finally decided to go to Mason City, in Cerro Gordo county, and try to make an opening there.

The day before starting I met a number of people who had befriended me, and learning that I had decided to leave their vicinity, some gave me a dollar others half a dollar, until I had enough to bear my expenses to Mason City on the cars, and then have some left.

All this I regarded as a good omen, thinking the Lord was opening my way to accomplish my journey to Mason City.

The morning I was to start on my journey, I awoke very early—just as the day was dawning; but feeling rather drowsy, stretched out for another nap before rising. In order to rest better I changed my posture—and in doing so I saw a personage standing by my bedside. He was of medium size, of a light camplexion, and a very pleasing countenance. Slowly and gracefully raising his hand, he pointed to the eastward and said: "You go to Rockford." He disappeared on the moment of making this remark.

I quickly arose and walked out into the fields, all the while pondering over what I had seen and heard. I knew of no such place as Rockford, never had heard of it before, and my mind was perplexed. Had I not made up my mind to go to Mason City? Had I not told the whole neighborhood I was going there? To change my mind now would they not regard me as fickle-minded. Besides I did not like giving up my arrangements.

Returning from my walk, I found the family ready to sit down to breakfast. I inquired of them if they knew of such a town as Rockford; but they had never heard of such a place. Just then a young man, whom Mr. Stade had employed a few days before, came in. He was a stranger in the neighborhood, having lately come from the eastern part of the State. I asked him if he knew of such a place as Rockford; he said he did, and that it was a flourishing little town north-east of us.

I said no more about it to them, and decided at last to carry out my own plans at all hazards.

Arriving at Mason City a little before sunset, I put up at St. Charles hotel, and at once began making inquiries about a hall in which to speak; past experience had taught me that it was useless to ask for churches.

The only suitable place for delivering lectures was the Masonic Hall. Finding the gentleman who had it in charge, I inquired as to the terms upon which it could be obtained, and was informed they usually charge ten dollars per night, but as I was delivering free lectures, they would let me have it for half that.

I explained to him that I was traveling without purse or scrip, and received no remuneration for my services in the way of salary, but was traveling as the servants of God did anciently. This being the case, he said I could have the hall free for one night, if I could obtain the sanction of another gentleman he named, and who was associated with him in the management of the hall. Unfortunately this other gentleman had left town for a few days, and Mr. —— did not wish to take the responsibility upon himself of letting me have the hall free.

The next day I made application for nearly every school-house in the town,

but it was of no use, and at night I found I had only money enough to pay for a bed, and therefore missed my supper.

The next morning I paid for my lodging, and without breakfast, started out into the country. I walked on till about noon; then finding myself in a fine section of country, and a school-house in sight, I inquired who had it in charge; and was told that Mr. B—— was the director. Calling at Mr. B——'s residence I found himself and a great number of his workmen at dinner.

After having finished their repast, I introduced myself and business to Mr. B—— by handing my Elder's certificate which I had received from the First Presidency. He read it in silence and as he handed it back to me he said: "So you are a Mormon preacher, are you?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Well, then, the sooner you leave my home the better you will suit me."

By this time he was pale with excitement and in a furious rage. I quietly asked him why he treated me in this manner. Said he, "It makes no difference to you why I do it, I tell you to leave—if you had been a minister of any other doctrine under heaven, I would have asked you to have dinner, but I want you to go, and I have no explanation to give you."

"Very well, sir, I will leave at your request. I came here to you with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but you drive me from your house without a cause; good day sir." It is needless to add that I was cast down in my feelings.

I walked on all afternoon, weary and faint, without making any attempt to get a place in which to hold meetings, or to call on any one by the way side to tell them of the important message I had to deliver.

An hour before sunset I stopped at a house, telling the good people living in it that I was a servant of the Lord in want of refreshments, and they kindly provided a lunch for me. Being restless in my spirit, I journeyed on. At dusk I arrived at the little village of Rockfalls, made some enquiries about the school-house in which I desired to speak, but was informed that Mr.—— was the director, and that he lived some three miles out of the village. Several attempts to get lodgings for the night resulted in failures; and at last I resolved to go to see the school director, thinking perhaps I could get lodgings with him, and also arrange to hold some meetings in the school house.

When I arrived at his house it was nine o'clock at night. He denied me the use of the school-house, and also refused to give me lodgings, saying, that perhaps his brother, who lived about half a mile further on, would accommodate me. I called at his brother's place, telling him who I was and explaining my business to him. He coolly informed me that a few miles distant I would find a village and a hotel, where, for the money, I could find both supper and bed. He didn't wish to keep me. As I wandered out over the prairie, I concluded that I would be obliged to make the grass my couch for the night. Selecting a place, and making a pillow of my valise, I sought comfort in

> "The death of each day's life; sore labor's bath;
> Balm of hurt minds—sleep."

But all in vain. No sooner would the bewitching goddess woo me into a delightful state of semi-unconsciousness than the festive mosquito with his unwelcome singing, and shortly afterwards by his more painful pumping at

my life's current, would arouse me from my slumber; and these things, together with the heavy dew that was falling and my aching limbs, made me realize that I was still in this "breathing world" of woe.

All night long I kept up my unequal warfare with the mosquitos and other insects—rolling and tossing about the whole night through. At last the morning came. The mosquitos became less ravenous, or I became less sensitive of their attacks, and dropped off into a feverish sleep. When I awoke the sun was at least an hour high, but still the fog-mists hung about the stream near which I had spent the night. I was wet through, and as I arose to a sitting posture, exclaimed: "Well, this is a pretty hard way to serve the Lord!" The words had scarcely died on my lips, when a voice softly said, "You were told to go to Rockford." I leaped to my feet, looked around me—I was alone for aught I could see, but that sentence uttered so calmly, was ringing in my ears and seemed to burn in my mind. Raising my voice almost to a shout, I said, "So I was; and to Rockford I'll go!" Those few words revealed to me the whole reason of my treatment for the last two days—the Lord was not preparing the way before me as He had hitherto done, and the difference was very perceptible—I was in the wrong way.

After bathing my face in the river, I started to retrace my steps. My limbs were stiff at first but walking became easier as I warmed up to the work. About ten o'clock I reached the home of my friend who had so kindly given me food the day before, and again he administered to me. In the evening I reached Mason City.

My mail had been forwarded to this place, and fortunately I received a letter from a friend who had sent me two dollars to assist me in my labors. This enabled me to take the cars within a few miles of West Fork—the point from which I started to Mason City. From whence I turned my face in the direction of Rockford, where, in a few days, I arrived.

This experience to me was very severe, as the darkness of my mind and the despondency of spirit were more fruitful fountains of grief than what ever of physical inconvenience I had to endure; but if the Son of God, as quoted at the head of this article, had to "*Learn obedience* by the things which He suffered," it is not surprising that we, who are so much weaker than He, have to learn in the same manner.

DIED.

WILMATT.—London, June 24th, 1904, William J. Wilmatt, infant son of Alfred Wilmatt.

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